By Maurice Ketten

Snapshots 🐹

GOD'S COUNTRY ---AND THE WOMAN

The Mystery Romance of a Man and a Maid in the Frozen North

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

STRUCTURE OF PERCENTURE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER XVII.

TER this, one by one, and two by two, there were added others to the circle of waiting men about the fire. By I o'clock there were twenty They came faster after that. With Bernard, from the south, came Repault, who had gone to the end of his run.

we are masters. And yet with this hell at our doors we are not sale, our wives and daugnizers are within the reach of mointers. To-day it is my daugnizer ner nastands wife. To-misrow it may be yours. There can be no mercy. We must kill kill and burn! Am I right, man?

This time is was not a normur but a low thunder of voice that approved.

a low thunder of voice that answered.
Philip and Jean torged ahead to his side. Shoulder to shoulder they led the way.
From the camp at the Forks it was

From the camp at the Forms it was eighteen miles to the Devil's Nest, where name on the edge of a chasm the log buildings that sheltered Lang and his erew. To these men of the trails those sighteen miles meant nothing. White-bearded Janese's trapilize was sixty miles long, and he covered it in two days, stripping his poits as he went. Hensult had run sixty miles with his dogs between daybreak and dusk, and "Mad" Joe Horn had come down one hundred and eighty miles from the North in five days. These were not records. They were the average. Those who followed the master of Adare were thin-legged, small-footed, narrow-waisted—but their sinews were like rawhide, and their lungs filled chests that were deep and wide.

With the break of day the wind fell.

who had gone to the end of his run.
From the east, west and south they continued to come—but from out of the northwest there led no trail. Off there was Thoreau's place. Pack after pack was added to the dogs in the timber. Their voices rose above and drowned all other sound.

Teams strained at their leashes to get at the throats of rival teams, and from the black shelter in which they were fastened came a continuous snarling and gnashing of fangs. Over the obais of a smaller fire simmered two huge pous of coffee from which each arrival helped himself; and on long spith over the larger fire were diripping chunks of moose and caribou meat from which they cut off their own helpings.

In the early dawn there were forty who gathered about Father George to listen to the final words he had to say. He raised his hand. Then he bowed

It was like their lungs filled cheets that were deep and wide.

With the break of day the wind fell, the sky cleared, and it grew colder. In silence John Adare, Jean and Philip broke the trail. In silence of college. In the same the sharp clink of steel as rithe barrel; truck rifle barrel; Voices were low, monosyllabic; breaths were deep, the throbbing of hearts like that of engines. Here were friends who were meeting for the first time in months, yet they spoke no word of each other, of the fortunes of the "line," of wives or children. There was but one thought in their brails, pumping the death of the college of the first time in months, yet they spoke no word of each other, of the fortunes of the "line," of wives or children. There was but one thought in their veins, setting their dark faces in lines of iron, filing their eyes with the feverisk fires of excitement. Yet this excitement, the tremendous passion that was working in them the chart of the dogs in and the provide close behind the trail. In silence of licitude, and it grew colder. In silence John Adare, Jean and Philip broke the trail. In silence of licitude, and it grew colder. In silence John Adare, Jean and Philip broke the t

DON'T FORGET TO START WITH THE LEFT FOOT GOING TO SEE MOTHER MARCH IN THE SUFFRAGE MARCH NOBODY WORKS BUT MOTHER (TO-DAY) WIFEY ITS A LONG LONG WAY TO OF FIRST THE PASSING HUBBY! START AREN'T THEY RIDICULOUS! TOUGH LUCK! A MAN WHO DIDN'T WANT HIS WIFE MY CORSET STRING BROKE TO MARCH ISN'T SH THAT BIG FAT WOMAN IN HE THIRD ANTI ROW The state of the s SHAPSHOT OF A WOMAN WHY DON'T MIND I ALWAYS TRYING TO STAND IN THE KEEP IN SUBWAY TO STAND STEP

MEXT WEEK'S COMPLETE MOVEL IN THE E THE FREEBOOTER By W. B. M. FERGUSON

an was firing along the edge of the Adars House! A few at root, and he had some from behind saw a heavy stick in the a walls of the Devil's Next! He by she ture it inose, ran to commissed him. It was Lang, the and began striking his and he was to kill!

CHAPTER XX.

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N a moment the flying figure of the Free Trader had disappeared. With a inst glance at Jann, who was slowly as the struck him, appeared. With a inst glance at Jann, who was slowly as the city. The dogs has crime now. Half a mile inack forest they were counting in a flere horde. Only Josephine as ahn struggled with Lang. Fhilip dashed in pursuit. Where Lang his assailants, Fhilip's strengt had buried himself in the deeper forest the trees grow so thick that Philip could not see fifty yards aband of him. Hut Lang's trail was distinct—and alone. He was running swiftly. Philip

Kearer and nearer swept the

Thus unencumbered he made swifter progress. He had expected to overtake Lang within four or five hundred pards; but minute followed minute in the mad race without another view of his enemy. He heard a few fant shouts back in the direction of the Devil's Nest, the barking of dogs, and half a dozen shots, the sounds growing fainter and fainter. And then Lang a trait led him unexpectedly into one of the foot-beaten aisies of the forest where there were the track of a number of men.

At this point the thick spruce formed a roof overhead that had shut out the freen show, and Philip lost several minutes before he found the place where Lang had left the trait to bury himself again in the unblazed forcet. Half a mile farther he foil.

Philip dragsing himself to his kiees.

through the thick cover until he crouched close to the edge of a small open. In an instant it seemed as though his heart had leaved from his breast into his throat, and was chooking him. Within fifty paces of him were both Lang and Thoreau, But for a moment he scarcely saw them, or the powerful team of eight huskies, harnessed and waiting. For on the sledge, a cloth bound about her mouth, her hands tied behind her, was Josephine!

At sight of her Philip did not pause to plan an attack. The one thought that leaped into his brain like fire was that Lang and Thoreau had fooled the forest people—Josephine had not been taken to the Devil's Nest, and the two were attempting to get away with her.

A cry burst from his lips as he ran from cover. Instantly the pair were facing him. Lang was still panting from his run. He held no weapons, in the crook of Thoreau's arm rested a riffe. Swift as a flash he raised it to his shoulder, the muzzle is veiled at Philip's breast, Josephine had turned.

From her smothered lips came a line choking cry of agony. Philip had now raised his automatic, it was looked. The beaten show as a line choking cry of agony. Philip had now raised his automatic, it was looked. The beaten show as a line with his weighting. From the rought his beaten show was still perfect to the tepes.

As Adare rushed into the tepes a specific perfect to the tepes.

As Adare rushed into the territory with a seen. Philip pointed to the tepes.

As Adare rushed into the tepes and then he returned to the dogs.

Vainly he called upon them to leave the head of a dozen men. In response to Adare's roaring voice the pack siunk off. The beaten show was crimson. Even Adare, as he faced Philip, could find no words in his horror. Philip pointed to the tepes.

aione. He was running swiftly. Philip had noticed that Lang had no rifle lie dropped his own now, and drew form of Hero loading the others by his pistol.

Nearer and nearer swept the pack extering that last haif mile with the appeal of the wind, the huge pallon his pistol.

place where Lang had left the trail to bury himself again in the unblayed forest. Half a mile farther he followed the Free Trader's trail without catching a glimpse of the man. He was at least a mile from the Devil's Next when he heard the volces of men, and then the whine of a cuffed dog.

Cautiously he picked his way through the thick cover until he crouched close to the edge of a small open. In an instant it seemed as